

ACT I

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

> *Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants*

THESEUS

> Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
> Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
> Another moon: but, O, methinks, how slow
> This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
> Like to a step-dame or a dowager
> Long withering out a young man revenue.
>

HIPPOLYTA

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities.
>

THESEUS

> Go, Philostrate,
> Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
> Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
> Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
> The pale companion is not for our pomp.
>
> *Exit PHILOSTRATE* Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
> And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.
>
> *Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS*

EGEUS

> Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
>

THESEUS

> Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
>

EGEUS

> Full of vexation come I, with complaint
> Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
> Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
> This man hath my consent to marry her.
> Stand forth, Lysander: and my gracious duke,
> This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child;
> Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
> And interchanged love-tokens with my child:
> Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
> With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
> And stolen the impression of her fantasy

> With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
> Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers
> Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
> With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
> Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
> To stubborn harshness: and, my gracious duke,
> Be it so she; will not here before your grace
> Consent to marry with Demetrius,
> I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
> As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
> Which shall be either to this gentleman
> Or to her death, according to our law
> Immediately provided in that case.
>

****THESEUS****

> What say you, Hermia? be advised fair maid:
> To you your father should be as a god;
> One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
> To whom you are but as a form in wax
> By him imprinted and within his power
> To leave the figure or disfigure it.
> Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
>

****HERMIA****

> So is Lysander.
>

****THESEUS****

> In himself he is;
> But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
> The other must be held the worthier.
>

****HERMIA****

> I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
>

****THESEUS****

> Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
>

****HERMIA****

> I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
> I know not by what power I am made bold,
> Nor how it may concern my modesty,
> In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;
> But I beseech your grace that I may know
> The worst that may befall me in this case,
> If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
>

****THESEUS****

> Either to die the death or to abjure
> For ever the society of men.
> Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;

> Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
> Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
> You can endure the livery of a nun,
> For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
> To live a barren sister all your life,
> Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
> Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood,
> To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
> But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
> Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
> Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness.
>

****HERMIA****

> So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
> Ere I will my virgin patent up
> Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
> My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
>

****THESEUS****

> Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon--
> The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
> For everlasting bond of fellowship--
> Upon that day either prepare to die
> For disobedience to your father's will,
> Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
> Or on Diana's altar to protest
> For aye austerity and single life.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Relent, sweet Hermia: and, Lysander, yield
> Thy crazed title to my certain right.
>

****LYSANDER****

> You have her father's love, Demetrius;
> Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
>

****EGEUS****

> Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
> And what is mine my love shall render him.
> And she is mine, and all my right of her
> I do estate unto Demetrius.
>

****LYSANDER****

> I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
> As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
> My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
> If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
> And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
> I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
> Why should not I then prosecute my right?
> Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
> Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

> And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
> Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
> Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
>

****THESEUS****

> I must confess that I have heard so much,
> And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
> But, being over-full of self-affairs,
> My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
> And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
> I have some private schooling for you both.
> For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
> To fit your fancies to your father's will;
> Or else the law of Athens yields you up--
> Which by no means we may extenuate--
> To death, or to a vow of single life.
> Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
> Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
> I must employ you in some business
> Against our nuptial and confer with you
> Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
>

****EGEUS****

> With duty and desire we follow you.
>
> *Exeunt all but LYSANDER and HERMIA*

****LYSANDER****

> How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
> How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
>

****HERMIA****

> Belike for want of rain, which I could well
> Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
> Could ever hear by tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth;
> But, either it was different in blood,--
>

****HERMIA****

> O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Or else misgraffed in respect of years,--
>

****HERMIA****

> O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

>

****LYSANDER****

> Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,--
>

****HERMIA****

> O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
> War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
> Making it momentary as a sound,
> Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
> Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
> So quick bright things come to confusion.
>

****HERMIA****

> If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
> It stands as an edict in destiny:
> Then let us teach our trial patience,
> Because it is a customary cross,
> As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
> Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.
>

****LYSANDER****

> A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
> I have a widow aunt, a dowager
> Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
> From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
> And she respects me as her only son.
> There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
> And to that place the sharp Athenian law
> Cannot pursue us. If thou lovest me then,
> Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
> And in the wood, a league without the town,
> Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
> To do observance to a morn of May,
> There will I stay for thee.
>

****HERMIA****

> My good Lysander!
> I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
> By his best arrow with the golden head,
> By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
> By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
> And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
> When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
> By all the vows that ever men have broke,
> In number more than ever women spoke,
> In that same place thou hast appointed me,

> To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.
>
> *Enter HELENA*

****HERMIA****

> God speed fair Helena! whither away?
>

****HELENA****

> Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
> Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
> Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
> More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
> When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
> Sickness is catching: O, were favour so,
> Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
> My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
> My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
> Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
> The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
> O, teach me how you look, and with what art
> You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
>

****HERMIA****

> I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
>

****HELENA****

> O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
>

****HERMIA****

> I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
>

****HELENA****

> O that my prayers could such affection move!
>

****HERMIA****

> The more I hate, the more he follows me.
>

****HELENA****

> The more I love, the more he hateth me.
>

****HERMIA****

> His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

>

****HELENA****

> None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!

>

****HERMIA****

> Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;

> Lysander and myself will fly this place.

> Before the time I did Lysander see,

> Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

> O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,

> That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

>

****LYSANDER****

> Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

> To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

> Her silver visage in the watery glass,

> Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,

> A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,

> Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

>

****HERMIA****

> And in the wood, where often you and I

> Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

> Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,

> There my Lysander and myself shall meet;

> And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,

> To seek new friends and stranger companies.

> Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;

> And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!

> Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

> From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

>

****LYSANDER****

> I will, my Hermia.

>

> *Exit HERMIA*Helena, adieu:

> As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

>

> *Exit*

****HELENA****

> How happy some o'er other some can be!

> Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

> But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

> He will not know what all but he do know:

> And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

> So I, admiring of his qualities:

> Things base and vile, folding no quantity,

> Love can transpose to form and dignity:

> Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

> And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

> Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;

> Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:

> And therefore is Love said to be a child,
> Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
> As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
> So the boy Love is perjured every where:
> For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
> He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
> And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
> So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
> I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
> Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
> Pursue her; and for this intelligence
> If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
> But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
> To have his sight thither and back again.
>
> *Exit*

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

> *Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

QUINCE

> Is all our company here?
>

BOTTOM

> You were best to call them generally, man by man,
> according to the scrip.
>

QUINCE

> Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is
> thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our
> interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his
> wedding-day at night.
>

BOTTOM

> First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats
> on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow
> to a point.
>

QUINCE

> Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and
> most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.
>

BOTTOM

> A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a
> merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your
> actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.
>

QUINCE

> Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

>

****BOTTOM****

> Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

>

****QUINCE****

> You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

>

****BOTTOM****

> What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

>

****QUINCE****

> A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

>

****BOTTOM****

> That will ask some tears in the true performing of
> it: if I do it, let the audience look to their
> eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some
> measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a
> tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to
> tear a cat in, to make all split.

> The raging rocks

> And shivering shocks

> Shall break the locks

> Of prison gates;

> And Phibbus' car

> Shall shine from far

> And make and mar

> The foolish Fates.

> This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players.

> This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is
> more condoling.

>

****QUINCE****

> Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

>

****FLUTE****

> Here, Peter Quince.

>

****QUINCE****

> Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

>

****FLUTE****

> What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

>

****QUINCE****

> It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

>

****FLUTE****

> Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

>

****QUINCE****

> That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and

> you may speak as small as you will.

>

****BOTTOM****

> An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too, I'll

> speak in a monstrous little voice. 'Thisne,

> Thisne;' 'Ah, Pyramus, lover dear! thy Thisby dear,

> and lady dear!'

>

****QUINCE****

> No, no; you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

>

****BOTTOM****

> Well, proceed.

>

****QUINCE****

> Robin Starveling, the tailor.

>

****STARVELING****

> Here, Peter Quince.

>

****QUINCE****

> Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.

> Tom Snout, the tinker.

>

****SNOUT****

> Here, Peter Quince.

>

****QUINCE****

> You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father:

> Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I

> hope, here is a play fitted.

>

****SNUG****

> Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it

> be, give it me, for I am slow of study.
>

****QUINCE****

> You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will
> do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar,
> that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again,
> let him roar again.'
>

****QUINCE****

> An you should do it too terribly, you would fright
> the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek;
> and that were enough to hang us all.
>

****ALL****

> That would hang us, every mother's son.
>

****BOTTOM****

> I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the
> ladies out of their wits, they would have no more
> discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my
> voice so that I will roar you as gently as any
> sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any
> nightingale.
>

****QUINCE****

> You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a
> sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a
> summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man:
> therefore you must needs play Pyramus.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best
> to play it in?
>

****QUINCE****

> Why, what you will.
>

****BOTTOM****

> I will discharge it in either your straw-colour
> beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain
> beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your
> perfect yellow.
>

****QUINCE****

> Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and
> then you will play bare-faced. But, masters, here
> are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request
> you and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night;
> and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the
> town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse, for if
> we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with
> company, and our devices known. In the meantime I
> will draw a bill of properties, such as our play
> wants. I pray you, fail me not.
>

****BOTTOM****

> We will meet; and there we may rehearse most
> obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.
>

****QUINCE****

> At the duke's oak we meet.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.
>
> *Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I. A wood near Athens.

> *Enter, from opposite sides, a Fairy, and PUCK*

****PUCK****

> How now, spirit! whither wander you?
>

****Fairy****

> Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough brier,
> Over park, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,
> I do wander everywhere,
> Swifter than the moon's sphere;
> And I serve the fairy queen,
> To dew her orbs upon the green.
> The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
> In their gold coats spots you see;
> Those be rubies, fairy favours,
> In those freckles live their savours:
> I must go seek some dewdrops here
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
> Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
> Our queen and all our elves come here anon.
>

****PUCK****

> The king doth keep his revels here to-night:
> Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
> For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
> Because that she as her attendant hath
> A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
> She never had so sweet a changeling;
> And jealous Oberon would have the child
> Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
> But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
> Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy:
> And now they never meet in grove or green,
> By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
> But, they do square, that all their elves for fear
> Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.
>

****Fairy****

> Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
> Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
> Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are not you he
> That frights the maidens of the villagery;
> Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
> And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
> And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
> Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
> Those that Hobgoblin call you and sweet Puck,
> You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
> Are not you he?
>

****PUCK****

> Thou speak'st aright;
> I am that merry wanderer of the night.
> I jest to Oberon and make him smile
> When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
> Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
> And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
> In very likeness of a roasted crab,
> And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
> And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
> The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
> Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
> Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
> And 'tailor' cries, and falls into a cough;
> And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
> And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear
> A merrier hour was never wasted there.
> But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.
>

****Fairy****

> And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!
>
> *Enter, from one side, OBERON, with his train; from the other, TITANIA, with hers*

****OBERON****

> Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
>

****TITANIA****

> What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:
> I have forsworn his bed and company.
>

****OBERON****

> Tarry, rash wanton: am not I thy lord?
>

****TITANIA****

> Then I must be thy lady: but I know
> When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
> And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
> Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
> To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
> Come from the farthest Steppe of India?
> But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
> Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
> To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
> To give their bed joy and prosperity.
>

****OBERON****

> How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
> Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
> Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
> Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
> From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
> And make him with fair AEgle break his faith,
> With Ariadne and Antiopa?
>

****TITANIA****

> These are the forgeries of jealousy:
> And never, since the middle summer's spring,
> Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
> By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
> Or in the beached margent of the sea,
> To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
> But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
> Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
> As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
> Contagious fogs; which falling in the land
> Have every pelting river made so proud
> That they have overborne their continents:
> The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
> The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
> Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;
> The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
> And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
> The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
> And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
> For lack of tread are undistinguishable:
> The human mortals want their winter here;
> No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
> Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,

> Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
> That rheumatic diseases do abound:
> And thorough this distemperature we see
> The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
> Far in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
> And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
> An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
> The childing autumn, angry winter, change
> Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
> By their increase, now knows not which is which:
> And this same progeny of evils comes
> From our debate, from our dissension;
> We are their parents and original.
>

****OBERON****

> Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
> Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
> I do but beg a little changeling boy,
> To be my henchman.
>

****TITANIA****

> Set your heart at rest:
> The fairy land buys not the child of me.
> His mother was a votaress of my order:
> And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
> Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
> And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
> Marking the embarked traders on the flood,
> When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
> And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
> Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
> Following,--her womb then rich with my young squire,--
> Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
> To fetch me trifles, and return again,
> As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
> But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
> And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
> And for her sake I will not part with him.
>

****OBERON****

> How long within this wood intend you stay?
>

****TITANIA****

> Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-day.
> If you will patiently dance in our round
> And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
> If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
>

****OBERON****

> Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.
>

****TITANIA****

> Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
> We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
>
> *Exit TITANIA with her train*

****OBERON****

> Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove
> Till I torment thee for this injury.
> My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememberest
> Since once I sat upon a promontory,
> And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
> Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
> That the rude sea grew civil at her song
> And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
> To hear the sea-maid's music.
>

****PUCK****

> I remember.
>

****OBERON****

> That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal throned by the west,
> And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votaress passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
> Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
> It fell upon a little western flower,
> Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
> And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
> Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee once:
> The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid
> Will make or man or woman madly dote
> Upon the next live creature that it sees.
> Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
> Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
>

****PUCK****

> I'll put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.
>
> *Exit*

****OBERON****

> Having once this juice,
> I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
> And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
> The next thing then she waking looks upon,
> Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
> On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
> She shall pursue it with the soul of love:

> And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
> As I can take it with another herb,
> I'll make her render up her page to me.
> But who comes here? I am invisible;
> And I will overhear their conference.
>
> *Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA, following him*

DEMETRIUS

> I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
> Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
> The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
> Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
> And here am I, and wode within this wood,
> Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
> Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
>

HELENA

> You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
> But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
> Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
> And I shall have no power to follow you.
>

DEMETRIUS

> Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?
> Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
> Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
>

HELENA

> And even for that do I love you the more.
> I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
> The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
> Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
> Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
> Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
> What worser place can I beg in your love,--
> And yet a place of high respect with me,--
> Than to be used as you use your dog?
>

DEMETRIUS

> Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
> For I am sick when I do look on thee.
>

HELENA

> And I am sick when I look not on you.
>

DEMETRIUS

> You do impeach your modesty too much,
> To leave the city and commit yourself
> Into the hands of one that loves you not;
> To trust the opportunity of night

> And the ill counsel of a desert place
> With the rich worth of your virginity.
>

****HELENA****

> Your virtue is my privilege: for that
> It is not night when I do see your face,
> Therefore I think I am not in the night;
> Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
> For you in my respect are all the world:
> Then how can it be said I am alone,
> When all the world is here to look on me?
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
> And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
>

****HELENA****

> The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
> Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
> Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
> The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
> Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
> When cowardice pursues and valour flies.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
> Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
> But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
>

****HELENA****

> Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
> You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
> Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
> We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
> We should be wood and were not made to woo.
>
> *Exit DEMETRIUS*I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
> To die upon the hand I love so well.
>
> *Exit*

****OBERON****

> Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
> Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.
>
> *Re-enter PUCK*Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
>

****PUCK****

> Ay, there it is.
>

****OBERON****

> I pray thee, give it me.
> I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
> There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
> Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
> And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
> Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
> And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
> And make her full of hateful fantasies.
> Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
> A sweet Athenian lady is in love
> With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
> But do it when the next thing he espies
> May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
> By the Athenian garments he hath on.
> Effect it with some care, that he may prove
> More fond on her than she upon her love:
> And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
>

****PUCK****

> Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
>
> *Exeunt*

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

> *Enter TITANIA, with her train*

****TITANIA****

> Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
> Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
> Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
> Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
> To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
> The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
> At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
> Then to your offices and let me rest.
>
> *The Fairies sing* You spotted snakes with double tongue,
> Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
> Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
> Come not near our fairy queen.
> Philomel, with melody
> Sing in our sweet lullaby;
> Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
> Never harm,
> Nor spell nor charm,
> Come our lovely lady nigh;
> So, good night, with lullaby.
> Weaving spiders, come not here;
> Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
> Beetles black, approach not near;
> Worm nor snail, do no offence.
> Philomel, with melody, & c.
>

****Fairy****

> Hence, away! now all is well:
> One aloof stand sentinel.
>
> *Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA sleeps*
>
> *Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA's eyelids*

****OBERON****

> What thou seest when thou dost wake,
> Do it for thy true-love take,
> Love and languish for his sake:
> Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
> Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
> In thy eye that shall appear
> When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
> Wake when some vile thing is near.
>
> *Exit*
>
> *Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA*

****LYSANDER****

> Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
> And to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
> We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
> And tarry for the comfort of the day.
>

****HERMIA****

> Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed;
> For I upon this bank will rest my head.
>

****LYSANDER****

> One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
> One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.
>

****HERMIA****

> Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
> Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
>

****LYSANDER****

> O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!
> Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
> I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit
> So that but one heart we can make of it;
> Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
> So then two bosoms and a single troth.
> Then by your side no bed-room me deny;
> For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
>

****HERMIA****

> Lysander riddles very prettily:
> Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
> If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
> But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
> Lie further off; in human modesty,
> Such separation as may well be said
> Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
> So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend:
> Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
>

****LYSANDER****

> Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
> And then end life when I end loyalty!
> Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
>

****HERMIA****

> With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!
>
> *They sleep*
>
> *Enter PUCK*

****PUCK****

> Through the forest have I gone.
> But Athenian found I none,
> On whose eyes I might approve
> This flower's force in stirring love.
> Night and silence.--Who is here?
> Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
> This is he, my master said,
> Despised the Athenian maid;
> And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
> On the dank and dirty ground.
> Pretty soul! she durst not lie
> Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
> Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
> All the power this charm doth owe.
> When thou wakest, let love forbid
> Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
> So awake when I am gone;
> For I must now to Oberon.
>
> *Exit*
>
> *Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running*

****HELENA****

> Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
>

****HELENA****

> O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.

>

> *Exit*

****HELENA****

> O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
> The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
> Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
> For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
> How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
> If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
> No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
> For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
> Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
> Do, as a monster fly my presence thus.
> What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
> Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
> But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
> Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
> Lysander if you live, good sir, awake.
>

****LYSANDER****

> \[Awaking\] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
> Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
> That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
> Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
> Is that vile name to perish on my sword!
>

****HELENA****

> Do not say so, Lysander; say not so
> What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
> Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
> The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
> Not Hermia but Helena I love:
> Who will not change a raven for a dove?
> The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
> And reason says you are the worthier maid.
> Things growing are not ripe until their season
> So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
> And touching now the point of human skill,
> Reason becomes the marshal to my will
> And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
> Love's stories written in love's richest book.
>

****HELENA****

> Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
> When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
> Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

> That I did never, no, nor never can,
> Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
> But you must flout my insufficiency?
> Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
> In such disdainful manner me to woo.
> But fare you well: perforce I must confess
> I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
> O, that a lady, of one man refused.
> Should of another therefore be abused!
>
> *Exit*

LYSANDER

> She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there:
> And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
> For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
> The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
> Or as tie heresies that men do leave
> Are hated most of those they did deceive,
> So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
> Of all be hated, but the most of me!
> And, all my powers, address your love and might
> To honour Helen and to be her knight!
>
> *Exit*

HERMIA

> \[Awaking\] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
> To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
> Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
> Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
> Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
> And you sat smiling at his cruel pray.
> Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!
> What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
> Alack, where are you speak, an if you hear;
> Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
> No? then I well perceive you all not nigh
> Either death or you I'll find immediately.
>
> *Exit*

ACT III

SCENE I. The wood. TITANIA lying asleep.

> *Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

BOTTOM

> Are we all met?
>

QUINCE

> Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place
> for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our
> stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we
> will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Peter Quince, --
>

****QUINCE****

> What sayest thou, bully Bottom?
>

****BOTTOM****

> There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and
> Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must
> draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies
> cannot abide. How answer you that?
>

****SNOUT****

> By'r lakin, a parlous fear.
>

****STARVELING****

> I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Not a whit: I have a device to make all well.
> Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to
> say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that
> Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more
> better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not
> Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them
> out of fear.
>

****QUINCE****

> Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be
> written in eight and six.
>

****BOTTOM****

> No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.
>

****SNOUT****

> Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?
>

****STARVELING****

> I fear it, I promise you.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to

> bring in--God shield us!--a lion among ladies, is a
> most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful
> wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to
> look to 't.
>

****SNOUT****

> Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must
> be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself
> must speak through, saying thus, or to the same
> defect,--'Ladies,'--or 'Fair-ladies--I would wish
> You,'--or 'I would request you,'--or 'I would
> entreat you,--not to fear, not to tremble: my life
> for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it
> were pity of my life: no I am no such thing; I am a
> man as other men are;' and there indeed let him name
> his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.
>

****QUINCE****

> Well it shall be so. But there is two hard things;
> that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for,
> you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.
>

****SNOUT****

> Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?
>

****BOTTOM****

> A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find
> out moonshine, find out moonshine.
>

****QUINCE****

> Yes, it doth shine that night.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Why, then may you leave a casement of the great
> chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon
> may shine in at the casement.
>

****QUINCE****

> Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns
> and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to
> present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is
> another thing: we must have a wall in the great
> chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby says the story, did
> talk through the chink of a wall.
>

****SNOUT****

> You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?
>

****BOTTOM****

> Some man or other must present Wall: and let him
> have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast
> about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his
> fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus
> and Thisby whisper.
>

****QUINCE****

> If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down,
> every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
> Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your
> speech, enter into that brake: and so every one
> according to his cue.
>
> *Enter PUCK behind*

****PUCK****

> What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
> So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
> What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
> An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.
>

****QUINCE****

> Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,--
>

****QUINCE****

> Odours, odours.
>

****BOTTOM****

> --odours savours sweet:
> So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
> But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile,
> And by and by I will to thee appear.
>
> *Exit*

****PUCK****

> A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.
>
> *Exit*

****FLUTE****

> Must I speak now?

>

****QUINCE****

> Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes
> but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

>

****FLUTE****

> Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
> Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
> Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
> As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
> I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

>

****QUINCE****

> 'Ninus' tomb,' man: why, you must not speak that
> yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your
> part at once, cues and all Pyramus enter: your cue
> is past; it is, 'never tire.'

>

****FLUTE****

> O,--As true as truest horse, that yet would
> never tire.
>
> *Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head*

****BOTTOM****

> If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.

>

****QUINCE****

> O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray,
> masters! fly, masters! Help!
>
> *Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

****PUCK****

> I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
> Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
> Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
> A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
> And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
> Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

>

> *Exit*

****BOTTOM****

> Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to
> make me afeard.

>

> *Re-enter SNOUT*

****SNOUT****

> O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?
>

****BOTTOM****

> What do you see? you see an asshead of your own, do
> you?
>
> *Exit SNOUT*
>
> *Re-enter QUINCE*

****QUINCE****

> Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art
> translated.
>
> *Exit*

****BOTTOM****

> I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me;
> to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir
> from this place, do what they can: I will walk up
> and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear
> I am not afraid.
>
> *Sings*The ousel cock so black of hue,
> With orange-tawny bill,
> The throstle with his note so true,
> The wren with little quill,--
>

****TITANIA****

> \[Awaking\] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?
>

****BOTTOM****

> \[Sings\
> The finch, the sparrow and the lark,
> The plain-song cuckoo gray,
> Whose note full many a man doth mark,
> And dares not answer nay;--
> for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
> a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry
> 'cuckoo' never so?
>

****TITANIA****

> I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
> Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note;
> So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
> And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me
> On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason

> for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and
> love keep little company together now-a-days; the
> more the pity that some honest neighbours will not
> make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.
>

****TITANIA****

> Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out
> of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.
>

****TITANIA****

> Out of this wood do not desire to go:
> Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
> I am a spirit of no common rate;
> The summer still doth tend upon my state;
> And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
> I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
> And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
> And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
> And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
> That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
> Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!
>
> *Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED*

****PEASEBLOSSOM****

> Ready.
>

****COBWEB****

> And I.
>

****MOTH****

> And I.
>

****MUSTARDSEED****

> And I.
>

****ALL****

> Where shall we go?
>

****TITANIA****

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
> With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

> The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
> And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> To have my love to bed and to arise;
> And pluck the wings from Painted butterflies
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
>

****PEASEBLOSSOM****

> Hail, mortal!
>

****COBWEB****

> Hail!
>

****MOTH****

> Hail!
>

****MUSTARDSEED****

> Hail!
>

****BOTTOM****

> I cry your worship's mercy, heartily: I beseech your
> worship's name.
>

****COBWEB****

> Cobweb.
>

****BOTTOM****

> I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master
> Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with
> you. Your name, honest gentleman?
>

****PEASEBLOSSOM****

> Peaseblossom.
>

****BOTTOM****

> I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your
> mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good
> Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more
> acquaintance too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?
>

****MUSTARDSEED****

> Mustardseed.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well:
> that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath
> devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise
> you your kindred had made my eyes water ere now. I
> desire your more acquaintance, good Master
> Mustardseed.
>

****TITANIA****

> Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
> The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
> And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
> Lamenting some enforced chastity.
> Tie up my love's tongue bring him silently.
>
> *Exeunt*

SCENE II. Another part of the wood.

> *Enter OBERON*

****OBERON****

> I wonder if Titania be awaked;
> Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
> Which she must dote on in extremity.
>
> *Enter PUCK*Here comes my messenger.
> How now, mad spirit!
> What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
>

****PUCK****

> My mistress with a monster is in love.
> Near to her close and consecrated bower,
> While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
> A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
> That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
> Were met together to rehearse a play
> Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
> The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
> Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
> Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
> When I did him at this advantage take,
> An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
> Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
> And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
> As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
> Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
> Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
> Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
> So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
> And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
> He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
> Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
> thus strong,
> Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
> For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

> Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all
> things catch.
> I led them on in this distracted fear,
> And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
> When in that moment, so it came to pass,
> Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.
>

****OBERON****

> This falls out better than I could devise.
> But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
> With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
>

****PUCK****

> I took him sleeping,--that is finish'd too,--
> And the Athenian woman by his side:
> That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.
>
> *Enter HERMIA and DEMETRIUS*

****OBERON****

> Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
>

****PUCK****

> This is the woman, but not this the man.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
> Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
>

****HERMIA****

> Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
> For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse,
> If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
> Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
> And kill me too.
> The sun was not so true unto the day
> As he to me: would he have stolen away
> From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
> This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
> May through the centre creep and so displease
> Her brother's noontide with Antipodes.
> It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
> So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
> Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
> Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
> As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
>

****HERMIA****

> What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
> Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
>

****HERMIA****

> Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds
> Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
> Henceforth be never number'd among men!
> O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
> Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
> And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
> Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
> An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
> Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
> I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
> Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
>

****HERMIA****

> I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> An if I could, what should I get therefore?
>

****HERMIA****

> A privilege never to see me more.
> And from thy hated presence part I so:
> See me no more, whether he be dead or no.
>
> *Exit*

****DEMETRIUS****

> There is no following her in this fierce vein:
> Here therefore for a while I will remain.
> So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
> For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe:
> Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
> If for his tender here I make some stay.
>
> *Lies down and sleeps*

****OBERON****

> What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite
> And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

> Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
> Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.
>

****PUCK****

> Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
> A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
>

****OBERON****

> About the wood go swifter than the wind,
> And Helena of Athens look thou find:
> All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer,
> With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear:
> By some illusion see thou bring her here:
> I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
>

****PUCK****

> I go, I go; look how I go,
> Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
>
> *Exit*

****OBERON****

> Flower of this purple dye,
> Hit with Cupid's archery,
> Sink in apple of his eye.
> When his love he doth espy,
> Let her shine as gloriously
> As the Venus of the sky.
> When thou wakest, if she be by,
> Beg of her for remedy.
>
> *Re-enter PUCK*

****PUCK****

> Captain of our fairy band,
> Helena is here at hand;
> And the youth, mistook by me,
> Pleading for a lover's fee.
> Shall we their fond pageant see?
> Lord, what fools these mortals be!
>

****OBERON****

> Stand aside: the noise they make
> Will cause Demetrius to awake.
>

****PUCK****

> Then will two at once woo one;
> That must needs be sport alone;
> And those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.
>
> *Enter LYSANDER and HELENA*

****LYSANDER****

> Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
> Scorn and derision never come in tears:
> Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
> In their nativity all truth appears.
> How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
> Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
>

****HELENA****

> You do advance your cunning more and more.
> When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
> These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?
> Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
> Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
> Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
>

****LYSANDER****

> I had no judgment when to her I swore.
>

****HELENA****

> Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> \[Awaking\] O Helena, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
> To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
> Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
> Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
> That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
> Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
> When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
> This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!
>

****HELENA****

> O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
> To set against me for your merriment:
> If you were civil and knew courtesy,
> You would not do me thus much injury.
> Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
> But you must join in souls to mock me too?
> If you were men, as men you are in show,
> You would not use a gentle lady so;
> To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
> When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
> You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
> And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
> A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
> To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

> With your derision! none of noble sort
> Would so offend a virgin, and extort
> A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
>

****LYSANDER****

> You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
> For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
> And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
> In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
> And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
> Whom I do love and will do till my death.
>

****HELENA****

> Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
> If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
> My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
> And now to Helen is it home return'd,
> There to remain.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Helen, it is not so.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
> Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
> Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.
>
> *Re-enter HERMIA*

****HERMIA****

> Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
> The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
> Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
> It pays the hearing double recompense.
> Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
> Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound
> But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
>

****LYSANDER****

> Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
>

****HERMIA****

> What love could press Lysander from my side?
>

****LYSANDER****

> Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
> Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
> Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.
> Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
> The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
>

****HERMIA****

> You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
>

****HELENA****

> Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
> Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three
> To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
> Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
> Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
> To bait me with this foul derision?
> Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
> The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us,--O, is it all forgot?
> All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
> We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
> Have with our needles created both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
> As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
> Had been incorporate. So we grow together,
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition;
> Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
> So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
> Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
> Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
> And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
> To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
> It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
> Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
> Though I alone do feel the injury.
>

****HERMIA****

> I am amazed at your passionate words.
> I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
>

****HELENA****

> Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
> To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
> And made your other love, Demetrius,
> Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
> To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
> Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
> To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
> Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
> And tender me, forsooth, affection,
> But by your setting on, by your consent?
> What thought I be not so in grace as you,

> So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
> But miserable most, to love unloved?
> This you should pity rather than despise.
>

****HERNIA****

> I understand not what you mean by this.
>

****HELENA****

> Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
> Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
> Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
> This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
> If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
> You would not make me such an argument.
> But fare ye well: 'tis partly my own fault;
> Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse:
> My love, my life my soul, fair Helena!
>

****HELENA****

> O excellent!
>

****HERMIA****

> Sweet, do not scorn her so.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
> Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
> Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
> I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
> To prove him false that says I love thee not.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I say I love thee more than he can do.
>

****LYSANDER****

> If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Quick, come!

>

****HERMIA****

> Lysander, whereto tends all this?

>

****LYSANDER****

> Away, you Ethiop!

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> No, no; he'll \[\]

> Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow,

> But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

>

****LYSANDER****

> Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,

> Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!

>

****HERMIA****

> Why are you grown so rude? what change is this?

> Sweet love,--

>

****LYSANDER****

> Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!

> Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

>

****HERMIA****

> Do you not jest?

>

****HELENA****

> Yes, sooth; and so do you.

>

****LYSANDER****

> Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> I would I had your bond, for I perceive

> A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

>

****LYSANDER****

> What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?

> Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

>

****HERMIA****

> What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
> Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
> Am not I Hermia? are not you Lysander?
> I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
> Since night you loved me; yet since night you left
> me:
> Why, then you left me--O, the gods forbid!--
> In earnest, shall I say?
>

****LYSANDER****

> Ay, by my life;
> And never did desire to see thee more.
> Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
> Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
> That I do hate thee and love Helena.
>

****HERMIA****

> O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
> You thief of love! what, have you come by night
> And stolen my love's heart from him?
>

****HELENA****

> Fine, i'faith!
> Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
> No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
> Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
> Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
>

****HERMIA****

> Puppet? why so? ay, that way goes the game.
> Now I perceive that she hath made compare
> Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
> And with her personage, her tall personage,
> Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
> And are you grown so high in his esteem;
> Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
> How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
> How low am I? I am not yet so low
> But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
>

****HELENA****

> I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
> Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
> I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
> I am a right maid for my cowardice:
> Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
> Because she is something lower than myself,
> That I can match her.
>

****HERMIA****

> Lower! hark, again.

>

****HELENA****

> Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
> I evermore did love you, Hermia,
> Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
> Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
> I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
> He follow'd you; for love I follow'd him;
> But he hath chid me hence and threaten'd me
> To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
> And now, so you will let me quiet go,
> To Athens will I bear my folly back
> And follow you no further: let me go:
> You see how simple and how fond I am.
>

****HERMIA****

> Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
>

****HELENA****

> A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
>

****HERMIA****

> What, with Lysander?
>

****HELENA****

> With Demetrius.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
>

****HELENA****

> O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
> She was a vixen when she went to school;
> And though she be but little, she is fierce.
>

****HERMIA****

> 'Little' again! nothing but 'low' and 'little'!
> Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
> Let me come to her.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Get you gone, you dwarf;
> You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
> You bead, you acorn.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> You are too officious
> In her behalf that scorns your services.
> Let her alone: speak not of Helena;
> Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
> Never so little show of love to her,
> Thou shalt aby it.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Now she holds me not;
> Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,
> Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.
>
> *Exeunt LYSANDER and DEMETRIUS*

****HERMIA****

> You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
> Nay, go not back.
>

****HELENA****

> I will not trust you, I,
> Nor longer stay in your curst company.
> Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
> My legs are longer though, to run away.
>
> *Exit*

****HERMIA****

> I am amazed, and know not what to say.
>
> *Exit*

****OBERON****

> This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
> Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.
>

****PUCK****

> Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
> Did not you tell me I should know the man
> By the Athenian garment he had on?
> And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
> That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

> And so far am I glad it so did sort
> As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
>

****OBERON****

> Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
> Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
> The starry welkin cover thou anon
> With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
> And lead these testy rivals so astray
> As one come not within another's way.
> Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
> Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
> And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
> And from each other look thou lead them thus,
> Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
> With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
> Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
> Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
> To take from thence all error with his might,
> And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
> When they next wake, all this derision
> Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision,
> And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
> With league whose date till death shall never end.
> Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
> I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
> And then I will her charmed eye release
> From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
>

****PUCK****

> My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
> For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
> And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
> At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
> Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
> That in crossways and floods have burial,
> Already to their wormy beds are gone;
> For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
> They willfully themselves exile from light
> And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.
>

****OBERON****

> But we are spirits of another sort:
> I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
> And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
> Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
> But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
> We may effect this business yet ere day.
>
> *Exit*

****PUCK****

> Up and down, up and down,
> I will lead them up and down:
> I am fear'd in field and town:

> Goblin, lead them up and down.
> Here comes one.
>
> *Re-enter LYSANDER*

****LYSANDER****

> Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
>

****PUCK****

> Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
>

****LYSANDER****

> I will be with thee straight.
>

****PUCK****

> Follow me, then,
> To plainer ground.
>
> *Exit LYSANDER, as following the voice*
>
> *Re-enter DEMETRIUS*

****DEMETRIUS****

> Lysander! speak again:
> Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
> Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
>

****PUCK****

> Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
> Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
> And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
> I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
> That draws a sword on thee.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Yea, art thou there?
>

****PUCK****

> Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.
>
> *Exeunt*
>
> *Re-enter LYSANDER*

****LYSANDER****

> He goes before me and still dares me on:
> When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
> The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I:
> I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;

> That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
> And here will rest me.
>
> *Lies down*Come, thou gentle day!
> For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
> I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite.
>
> *Sleeps*
>
> *Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS*

****PUCK****

> Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why comest thou not?
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot
> Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
> And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
> Where art thou now?
>

****PUCK****

> Come hither: I am here.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
> If ever I thy face by daylight see:
> Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
> To measure out my length on this cold bed.
> By day's approach look to be visited.
>
> *Lies down and sleeps*
>
> *Re-enter HELENA*

****HELENA****

> O weary night, O long and tedious night,
> Abate thy hour! Shine comforts from the east,
> That I may back to Athens by daylight,
> From these that my poor company detest:
> And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
> Steal me awhile from mine own company.
>
> *Lies down and sleeps*

****PUCK****

> Yet but three? Come one more;
> Two of both kinds make up four.
> Here she comes, curst and sad:
> Cupid is a knavish lad,
> Thus to make poor females mad.
>
> *Re-enter HERMIA*

****HERMIA****

> Never so weary, never so in woe,
> Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
> I can no further crawl, no further go;
> My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
> Here will I rest me till the break of day.
> Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
>
> *Lies down and sleeps*

****PUCK****

> On the ground
> Sleep sound:
> I'll apply
> To your eye,
> Gentle lover, remedy.
>
> *Squeezing the juice on LYSANDER's eyes*When thou wakest,
> Thou takest
> True delight
> In the sight
> Of thy former lady's eye:
> And the country proverb known,
> That every man should take his own,
> In your waking shall be shown:
> Jack shall have Jill;
> Nought shall go ill;
> The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
>
> *Exit*

ACT IV

SCENE I. The same. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA

> lying asleep.
>
> *Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM; PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED, and other
Fairies attending; OBERON behind unseen*

****TITANIA****

> Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
> While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
> And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
> And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Where's Peaseblossom?
>

****PEASEBLOSSOM****

> Ready.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Scratch my head Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?
>

****COBWEB****

> Ready.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your
> weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped
> humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good
> mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
> yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and,
> good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not;
> I would be loath to have you overflown with a
> honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?
>

****MUSTARDSEED****

> Ready.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you,
> leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.
>

****MUSTARDSEED****

> What's your Will?
>

****BOTTOM****

> Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb
> to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for
> methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I
> am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me,
> I must scratch.
>

****TITANIA****

> What, wilt thou hear some music,
> my sweet love?
>

****BOTTOM****

> I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have
> the tongs and the bones.
>

****TITANIA****

> Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.
>

****BOTTOM****

> Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good
> dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle
> of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

>

****TITANIA****

> I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
> The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
>

****BOTTOM****

> I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.
> But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I
> have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
>

****TITANIA****

> Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
> Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.
>
> *Exeunt fairies* So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
> Gently entwist; the female ivy so
> Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.
> O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
>
> *They sleep*
>
> *Enter PUCK*

****OBERON****

> \[Advancing\] Welcome, good Robin.
> See'st thou this sweet sight?
> Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
> For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
> Seeking sweet favours from this hateful fool,
> I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
> For she his hairy temples then had rounded
> With a coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
> And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
> Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
> Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
> Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
> When I had at my pleasure taunted her
> And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
> I then did ask of her her changeling child;
> Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
> To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
> And now I have the boy, I will undo
> This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
> And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
> From off the head of this Athenian swain;
> That, he awaking when the other do,
> May all to Athens back again repair
> And think no more of this night's accidents
> But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
> But first I will release the fairy queen.
> Be as thou wast wont to be;
> See as thou wast wont to see:
> Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
> Hath such force and blessed power.
> Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
>

****TITANIA****

> My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
> Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
>

****OBERON****

> There lies your love.
>

****TITANIA****

> How came these things to pass?
> O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
>

****OBERON****

> Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
> Titania, music call; and strike more dead
> Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
>

****TITANIA****

> Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
>
> *Music, still*

****PUCK****

> Now, when thou wakest, with thine
> own fool's eyes peep.
>

****OBERON****

> Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
> And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
> Now thou and I are new in amity,
> And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
> Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
> And bless it to all fair prosperity:
> There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
> Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
>

****PUCK****

> Fairy king, attend, and mark:
> I do hear the morning lark.
>

****OBERON****

> Then, my queen, in silence sad,
> Trip we after the night's shade:
> We the globe can compass soon,
> Swifter than the wandering moon.
>

****TITANIA****

> Come, my lord, and in our flight
> Tell me how it came this night
> That I sleeping here was found
> With these mortals on the ground.
>
> *Exeunt*
>
> *Horns winded within*
>
> *Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

****THESEUS****

> Go, one of you, find out the forester;
> For now our observation is perform'd;
> And since we have the vaward of the day,
> My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
> Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
> Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
>
> *Exit an Attendant* We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
> And mark the musical confusion
> Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding: for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
>

****THESEUS****

> My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
> Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?
>

****EGEUS****

> My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
> And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
> This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
> I wonder of their being here together.
>

****THESEUS****

> No doubt they rose up early to observe
> The rite of May, and hearing our intent,
> Came here in grace our solemnity.
> But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
> That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

>

****EGEUS****

> It is, my lord.

>

****THESEUS****

> Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

>

> *Horns and shout within. LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HERMIA wake and start up* Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:

> Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

>

****LYSANDER****

> Pardon, my lord.

>

****THESEUS****

> I pray you all, stand up.

> I know you two are rival enemies:

> How comes this gentle concord in the world,

> That hatred is so far from jealousy,

> To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

>

****LYSANDER****

> My lord, I shall reply amazedly,

> Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,

> I cannot truly say how I came here;

> But, as I think,--for truly would I speak,

> And now do I bethink me, so it is,--

> I came with Hermia hither: our intent

> Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,

> Without the peril of the Athenian law.

>

****EGEUS****

> Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:

> I beg the law, the law, upon his head.

> They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,

> Thereby to have defeated you and me,

> You of your wife and me of my consent,

> Of my consent that she should be your wife.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,

> Of this their purpose hither to this wood;

> And I in fury hither follow'd them,

> Fair Helena in fancy following me.

> But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,--

> But by some power it is,--my love to Hermia,

> Melted as the snow, seems to me now

> As the remembrance of an idle gaud

> Which in my childhood I did dote upon;

> And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,

> The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
> Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
> Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
> But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
> But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
> Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
> And will for evermore be true to it.
>

****THESEUS****

> Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
> Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
> Egeus, I will overbear your will;
> For in the temple by and by with us
> These couples shall eternally be knit:
> And, for the morning now is something worn,
> Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
> Away with us to Athens; three and three,
> We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
> Come, Hippolyta.
>
> *Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train*

****DEMETRIUS****

> These things seem small and undistinguishable,
>

****HERMIA****

> Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
> When every thing seems double.
>

****HELENA****

> So methinks:
> And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
> Mine own, and not mine own.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Are you sure
> That we are awake? It seems to me
> That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
> The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
>

****HERMIA****

> Yea; and my father.
>

****HELENA****

> And Hippolyta.
>

****LYSANDER****

> And he did bid us follow to the temple.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Why, then, we are awake: let's follow him
> And by the way let us recount our dreams.
>
> *Exeunt*

****BOTTOM****

> \[Awaking\] When my cue comes, call me, and I will
> answer: my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.' Heigh-ho!
> Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout,
> the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen
> hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare
> vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to
> say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go
> about to expound this dream. Methought I was--there
> is no man can tell what. Methought I was,--and
> methought I had,--but man is but a patched fool, if
> he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye
> of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not
> seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
> to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream
> was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of
> this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream,
> because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the
> latter end of a play, before the duke:
> peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall
> sing it at her death.
>
> *Exit*

SCENE II. Athens. QUINCE'S house.

> *Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING*

****QUINCE****

> Have you sent to Bottom's house ? is he come home yet?
>

****STARVELING****

> He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is
> transported.
>

****FLUTE****

> If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes
> not forward, doth it?
>

****QUINCE****

> It is not possible: you have not a man in all
> Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.
>

****FLUTE****

> No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft

> man in Athens.

>

****QUINCE****

> Yea and the best person too; and he is a very

> paramour for a sweet voice.

>

****FLUTE****

> You must say 'paragon:' a paramour is, God bless us,
> a thing of naught.

>

> *Enter SNUG*

****SNUG****

> Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and
> there is two or three lords and ladies more married:
> if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made
> men.

>

****FLUTE****

> O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a
> day during his life; he could not have 'scaped
> sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him
> sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged;
> he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in
> Pyramus, or nothing.

>

> *Enter BOTTOM*

****BOTTOM****

> Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

>

****QUINCE****

> Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

>

****BOTTOM****

> Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not
> what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I
> will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

>

****QUINCE****

> Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

>

****BOTTOM****

> Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that
> the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together,
> good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your
> pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look
> o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our

> play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have
> clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion
> pair his nails, for they shall hang out for the
> lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions
> nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I
> do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet
> comedy. No more words: away! go, away!
>
> *Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I. Athens. The palace of THESEUS.

> *Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants*

HIPPOLYTA

> 'Tis strange my Theseus, that these
> lovers speak of.
>

THESEUS

> More strange than true: I never may believe
> These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
> Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
> Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends.
> The lunatic, the lover and the poet
> Are of imagination all compact:
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
> That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
> The poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.
> Such tricks hath strong imagination,
> That if it would but apprehend some joy,
> It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
> Or in the night, imagining some fear,
> How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
>

HIPPOLYTA

> But all the story of the night told over,
> And all their minds transfigured so together,
> More witnesseth than fancy's images
> And grows to something of great constancy;
> But, howsoever, strange and admirable.
>

THESEUS

> Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
>
> *Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA* Joy, gentle friends! joy and
fresh days of love

> Accompany your hearts!
>

****LYSANDER****

> More than to us
> Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
>

****THESEUS****

> Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have,
> To wear away this long age of three hours
> Between our after-supper and bed-time?
> Where is our usual manager of mirth?
> What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
> To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
> Call Philostrate.
>

****PHILOSTRATE****

> Here, mighty Theseus.
>

****THESEUS****

> Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
> What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
> The lazy time, if not with some delight?
>

****PHILOSTRATE****

> There is a brief how many sports are ripe:
> Make choice of which your highness will see first.
>
> *Giving a paper*

****THESEUS****

> \[Reads\] 'The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
> By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
> We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
> In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
>
> *Reads*'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
> Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
> That is an old device; and it was play'd
> When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
>
> *Reads*'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.'
> That is some satire, keen and critical,
> Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
>
> *Reads*'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
> And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
> Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
> That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
> How shall we find the concord of this discord?
>

****PHILOSTRATE****

> A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
> Which is as brief as I have known a play;
> But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
> Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
> There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
> And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
> For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
> Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
> Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
> The passion of loud laughter never shed.
>

****THESEUS****

> What are they that do play it?
>

****PHILOSTRATE****

> Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
> Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
> And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
> With this same play, against your nuptial.
>

****THESEUS****

> And we will hear it.
>

****PHILOSTRATE****

> No, my noble lord;
> It is not for you: I have heard it over,
> And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
> Unless you can find sport in their intents,
> Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
> To do you service.
>

****THESEUS****

> I will hear that play;
> For never anything can be amiss,
> When simpleness and duty tender it.
> Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.
>
> *Exit PHILOSTRATE*

****HIPPOLYTA****

> I love not to see wretchedness o'er charged
> And duty in his service perishing.
>

****THESEUS****

> Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> He says they can do nothing in this kind.

>

****THESEUS****

> The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
> Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
> And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
> Takes it in might, not merit.
> Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
> To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
> Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
> Make periods in the midst of sentences,
> Throttle their practised accent in their fears
> And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
> Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
> Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
> And in the modesty of fearful duty
> I read as much as from the rattling tongue
> Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
> Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
> In least speak most, to my capacity.
>
> *Re-enter PHILOSTRATE*

****PHILOSTRATE****

> So please your grace, the Prologue is address'd.
>

****THESEUS****

> Let him approach.
>
> *Flourish of trumpets*
>
> *Enter QUINCE for the Prologue*

****Prologue****

> If we offend, it is with our good will.
> That you should think, we come not to offend,
> But with good will. To show our simple skill,
> That is the true beginning of our end.
> Consider then we come but in despite.
> We do not come as minding to contest you,
> Our true intent is. All for your delight
> We are not here. That you should here repent you,
> The actors are at hand and by their show
> You shall know all that you are like to know.
>

****THESEUS****

> This fellow doth not stand upon points.
>

****LYSANDER****

> He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows
> not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not
> enough to speak, but to speak true.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child
> on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.
>

****THESEUS****

> His speech, was like a tangled chain; nothing
> impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?
>
> *Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion*

****Prologue****

> Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
> But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
> This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
> This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
> This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
> Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
> And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
> To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
> This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
> Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
> By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
> To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
> This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
> The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
> Did scare away, or rather did affright;
> And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
> Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
> Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
> And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
> Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
> He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
> And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
> His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
> Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
> At large discourse, while here they do remain.
>
> *Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine*

****THESEUS****

> I wonder if the lion be to speak.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.
>

****Wall****

> In this same interlude it doth befall
> That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
> And such a wall, as I would have you think,
> That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
> Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
> Did whisper often very secretly.
> This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
> That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
> And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
> Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

>

****THESEUS****

> Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard
> discourse, my lord.

>

> *Enter Pyramus*

****THESEUS****

> Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

>

****Pyramus****

> O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

> O night, which ever art when day is not!

> O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

> I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

> And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

> That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!

> Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

> Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

>

> *Wall holds up his fingers*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

> But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

> O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

> Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

>

****THESEUS****

> The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

>

****Pyramus****

> No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me'

> is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to

> spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will

> fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

>

> *Enter Thisbe*

****Thisbe****

> O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

> For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

> My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

> Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

>

****Pyramus****

> I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

> To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. Thisby!

>

****Thisbe****

> My love thou art, my love I think.
>

****Pyramus****

> Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
> And, like Limander, am I trusty still.
>

****Thisbe****

> And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.
>

****Pyramus****

> Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.
>

****Thisbe****

> As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.
>

****Pyramus****

> O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!
>

****Thisbe****

> I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
>

****Pyramus****

> Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?
>

****Thisbe****

> 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.
>
> *Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe*

****Wall****

> Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
> And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
>
> *Exit*

****THESEUS****

> Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear
> without warning.

>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

>

****THESEUS****

> The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst
> are no worse, if imagination amend them.

>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

>

****THESEUS****

> If we imagine no worse of them than they of
> themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here
> come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

>

> *Enter Lion and Moonshine*

****Lion****

> You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
> The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
> May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
> When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
> Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
> A lion-fell, nor else no lion's dam;
> For, if I should as lion come in strife
> Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.

>

****THESEUS****

> A very gentle beast, of a good conscience.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

>

****LYSANDER****

> This lion is a very fox for his valour.

>

****THESEUS****

> True; and a goose for his discretion.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his
> discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

>

****THESEUS****

> His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour;
> for the goose carries not the fox. It is well:
> leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.
>

****Moonshine****

> This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;--
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> He should have worn the horns on his head.
>

****THESEUS****

> He is no crescent, and his horns are
> invisible within the circumference.
>

****Moonshine****

> This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;
> Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.
>

****THESEUS****

> This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man
> should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the
> man i' the moon?
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> He dares not come there for the candle; for, you
> see, it is already in snuff.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!
>

****THESEUS****

> It appears, by his small light of discretion, that
> he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all
> reason, we must stay the time.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Proceed, Moon.
>

****Moonshine****

> All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the
> lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this
> thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all
> these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

>

> *Enter Thisbe*

****Thisbe****

> This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

>

****Lion****

> \[Roaring\] Oh--

>

> *Thisbe runs off*

****DEMETRIUS****

> Well roared, Lion.

>

****THESEUS****

> Well run, Thisbe.

>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a
> good grace.

>

> *The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit*

****THESEUS****

> Well moused, Lion.

>

****LYSANDER****

> And so the lion vanished.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> And then came Pyramus.

>

> *Enter Pyramus*

****Pyramus****

> Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
> I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
> For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
> I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

> But stay, O spite!

> But mark, poor knight,

> What dreadful dole is here!

> Eyes, do you see?

> How can it be?

> O dainty duck! O dear!
> Thy mantle good,
> What, stain'd with blood!
> Approach, ye Furies fell!
> O Fates, come, come,
> Cut thread and thrum;
> Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
>

****THESEUS****

> This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would
> go near to make a man look sad.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.
>

****Pyramus****

> O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
> Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
> Which is--no, no--which was the fairest dame
> That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd
> with cheer.
> Come, tears, confound;
> Out, sword, and wound
> The pap of Pyramus;
> Ay, that left pap,
> Where heart doth hop:
>
> *Stabs himself*Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
> Now am I dead,
> Now am I fled;
> My soul is in the sky:
> Tongue, lose thy light;
> Moon take thy flight:
>
> *Exit Moonshine*Now die, die, die, die, die.
>
> *Dies*

****DEMETRIUS****

> No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.
>

****LYSANDER****

> Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.
>

****THESEUS****

> With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and
> prove an ass.
>

****HIPPOLYTA****

> How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes
> back and finds her lover?

>

****THESEUS****

> She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and
> her passion ends the play.

>

> *Re-enter Thisbe*

****HIPPOLYTA****

> Methinks she should not use a long one for such a
> Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which
> Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;
> she for a woman, God bless us.

>

****LYSANDER****

> She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

>

****DEMETRIUS****

> And thus she means, videlicet:--

>

****Thisbe****

> Asleep, my love?
> What, dead, my dove?
> O Pyramus, arise!
> Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
> Dead, dead? A tomb
> Must cover thy sweet eyes.
> These My lips,
> This cherry nose,
> These yellow cowslip cheeks,
> Are gone, are gone:
> Lovers, make moan:
> His eyes were green as leeks.
> O Sisters Three,
> Come, come to me,
> With hands as pale as milk;
> Lay them in gore,
> Since you have shore
> With shears his thread of silk.
> Tongue, not a word:
> Come, trusty sword;
> Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
>
> *Stabs herself*And, farewell, friends;
> Thus Thisby ends:
> Adieu, adieu, adieu.
>
> *Dies*

****THESEUS****

> Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
>

****DEMETRIUS****

> Ay, and Wall too.
>

****BOTTOM****

> \[Starting up\] No assure you; the wall is down that
> parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the
> epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two
> of our company?
>

****THESEUS****

> No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no
> excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all
> dead, there needs none to be blamed. Marry, if he
> that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself
> in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine
> tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably
> discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your
> epilogue alone.
>
> *A dance*The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
> Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
> I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
> As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
> This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
> The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
> A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
> In nightly revels and new jollity.
>
> *Exeunt*
>
> *Enter PUCK*

****PUCK****

> Now the hungry lion roars,
> And the wolf behowls the moon;
> Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
> All with weary task fordone.
> Now the wasted brands do glow,
> Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
> Puts the wretch that lies in woe
> In remembrance of a shroud.
> Now it is the time of night
> That the graves all gaping wide,
> Every one lets forth his sprite,
> In the church-way paths to glide:
> And we fairies, that do run
> By the triple Hecate's team,
> From the presence of the sun,
> Following darkness like a dream,
> Now are frolic: not a mouse
> Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
> I am sent with broom before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door.
>
> *Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train*

****OBERON****

> Through the house give gathering light,
> By the dead and drowsy fire:
> Every elf and fairy sprite
> Hop as light as bird from brier;
> And this ditty, after me,
> Sing, and dance it trippingly.
>

****TITANIA****

> First, rehearse your song by rote
> To each word a warbling note:
> Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
> Will we sing, and bless this place.
>
> *Song and dance*

****OBERON****

> Now, until the break of day,
> Through this house each fairy stray.
> To the best bride-bed will we,
> Which by us shall blessed be;
> And the issue there create
> Ever shall be fortunate.
> So shall all the couples three
> Ever true in loving be;
> And the blots of Nature's hand
> Shall not in their issue stand;
> Never mole, hare lip, nor scar,
> Nor mark prodigious, such as are
> Despised in nativity,
> Shall upon their children be.
> With this field-dew consecrate,
> Every fairy take his gait;
> And each several chamber bless,
> Through this palace, with sweet peace;
> And the owner of it blest
> Ever shall in safety rest.
> Trip away; make no stay;
> Meet me all by break of day.
>
> *Exeunt OBERON, TITANIA, and train*

****PUCK****

> If we shadows have offended,
> Think but this, and all is mended,
> That you have but slumber'd here
> While these visions did appear.
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding but a dream,
> Gentles, do not reprehend:
> if you pardon, we will mend:
> And, as I am an honest Puck,
> If we have unearned luck
> Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
> We will make amends ere long;
> Else the Puck a liar call;
> So, good night unto you all.
> Give me your hands, if we be friends,

> And Robin shall restore amends.